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## IN OCCUPATION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

If the reader of 'The Boy's First Fight'\* has any kindly feeling towards 'the boy,' I will ask him just to return and glance at the battle-field of Waterloo, and then to take a walk with me to Paris.

It is nearly dark—just light enough to shew the Duke himself, smiling (how rarely the hard and sharp old soldier *could* smile!), and giving a kindly word, and a never-forgotten shake of the hand, to a subaltern unknown alike to fame and to him. Here come the Prussians! Their line of march crosses us just at this point. They pause not, but carry on the pursuit—which we leave to them, nothing loath. Late, late into that night was I roused from sleep by the braying of their horrid trumpets, as regiment after regiment saluted us in passing with *God Save the King*.

And now we held a *soirée*—a sort of conversation. The gossip was far more interesting than usual in such assemblies. Of the refreshments, the less said the better. As to solids, I fared like 'Maister Michael Scot's man—sought meat, and gat none.' Liquids were worse. In the dark, I rashly adventured on a drink of what was said to be water. Its real composition I never knew, but have thought of it in after-days, when reading of the stuff which Mohammed, in contrast to the iced sherbet of the Faithful, describes as the potion of the damned. I had swallowed not a little before I was able to stop and fling away the rest with a shudder. Well I might, if the tales were true about the sort of things that were flung down the wells that day. There was trade going on: the men had crosses and orders to sell. I bought none, for which omission I was soundly rated afterwards by my female relatives. A good deal was doing, too, in horseflesh: two were offered me at fabulously low prices, so low that I would have nothing to say to them, and I was right: they proved to be useless from wounds. Now for rest! Last night, the French had slept on this spot.

There lay, arranged by experienced hands, the top of the ridge of what had been a farmhouse roof—stuffed it was with wealth of hay, and unoccupied. In I crawled, and in spite of Prussian trumpets, that night was to me as peaceful as the day had been wild.

Up rose the sun, and so did we. 'It was idlesse all.'

'Where's my servant?'

'Shot through the knee, sir. But you can have —. His master's killed.'

My new valet made his appearance, and not empty-handed. Whence it came, Heaven knows, but he produced a fowl, and offered it for breakfast. All I could contribute was some rice I had got out of a wagon bearing the address of the Imperial Guard; and so we made a joyous picnic. After which he had more good in store for me.

'Would you like a clean shirt, sir?'

'Of all things.'

'Well, sir, I can't say it is quite clean, but it's almost as good: master only wore it once.'

And on inspection, it looked so little the worse for wear, in comparison of my own, that I was glad to put on the dead man's garment.

So, fed and clothed, I strolled out for a little walk, to spy, not the nakedness, but the curiosities of the land. It was strewn with a medley of all imaginable military equipments and stores. So far to the front, there were few ugly sights; there had been no fighting here. The worst were the horses—standing in helpless suffering, or lying about, many of them unhurt, only from exhaustion incapable of standing. I put some corn to the lips of one; they opened and took it in. Another handful, and he got upon his legs, shook himself, and stared at me wofully. Poor fellow! I had better have left him to his insensibility.

A flash, a crackling, a rush of the men to the piles of arms! What is it? Some thoughtless fellow had picked up a bundle of quick-match (used by the French artillery, like reed pens, dipped in some yellow devilry), and stupidly flung them into one of the fires that were burning about. The explosion sent the fire flying in all directions.

\* See *Chambers's Journal*, No. 110.

Close by were the arms with the cartridge-boxes hanging to them. Fortunately, no mischief ensued. Only two days before, when the fighting was just over at Quatre Bras, an officer of the 30th, walking hastily by the piles of arms, knocked one down; a musket went off, and killed him on the spot.

A roar and a clatter just behind me. I turned, and saw a black cloud and a wheel sailing into the air. A French ammunition-wagon had blown up. (A spare wheel was carried at the tail of them.) It turned out that two British soldiers, never stopping to think what was in the wagon, had been chopping up the wood-work to light their fire. They had escaped all that fighting, and now a spark had torn them to pieces—so completely, that the only remains found were part of a gaiter (the button shewing the number of their regiment) and a lump of something that looked like ill-cured bacon, such as the Maories make in New Zealand.

'Fall in!' I found myself in command of my company, and got orders to see that the muskets were unloaded, for fear of accident; so I marched them to the nearest bank, and fired into it. The earth shook, and we had done with destruction.

And now the regiment was formed for a march. At the last moment, came a message to me from a brother-officer. 'If you please, sir, Mr — begs you'll bring this horse [a French trooper] on for him till he comes up. He's away on duty.' Just then the word was given to move, so I mounted; but the brute would only retreat. Twice he drove me through the ranks, stern foremost; then I jumped off, and left him to his fate.

Going off the field, we passed the last trace of war—a large farmhouse in flames, adjoining the road, which was very narrow, so that we had to pass unpleasantly close. The folding-gates were open; the immense farm-yard, seen through them, was one furnace. The heat was almost painful.

It is well known how apt a young gentleman of good expectations is to come to grief; and more than once such has been my lot, as it was now. The custom on service was, that the officers of each company messed together, and the captain provided the canteen—a box containing the equivalents for plate, glass, china, and cutlery, with a lot of campaigning knickknacks of approved utility. Simple enough they were in general. But my captain was a luxurious one, and had bought a pair of canteens, the admiration of the regiment—of all, at least, except perhaps a few hardened veterans, who might call them effeminate. His subalterns were objects of envy to all the rest. But, alas, he was wounded, and left in the rear; his baggage would follow him. The company's mess was broken up. The other members of it joined old friends in other companies. I was a raw recruit, a stranger to them all, and at first felt lonely enough; though I soon found some to take compassion on me. What was worse, when the regimental baggage came up, mine was not among it. Great destruction was known to have taken place in the retreat, or rather flight to Brussels. In all probability, my kit was gone. I was worse off than the men in the ranks, for they had their knapsacks. I had absolutely nothing but the clothes I wore. As to the ornamental details of the toilet, I will only say that I always contrived to appear on parade clean enough to pass muster, and, under the circumstances, I venture to think that was rather creditable to the handiness of a beginner. At night, I had not even a greatcoat. I lay down as I marched; but I could always get

straw, or some substitute for it. It was summer-time, and I did perfectly well.

The magnitude of our success now began to be evident; we learned that the enemy was utterly broken and dispersed, and that we were marching on Paris. No one now can tell what a magical sound that was. As we had finished in the forefront of the battle, so were we now leading the advance. It was felt to be our proper place, and all were in high spirits.

The second or third night, we found ourselves between Maubeuge and Bavay, on the very spot where, a fortnight before, those one hundred thousand French had been massed. Now, but for us, all was as quiet as a cover after the hounds have gone away with their fox. Two or three marches more brought us to Le Cateau; here we squatted in some fine meadows. Turf, shady trees, and running water made a veritable gipsy paradise. We were promised, and got, three days' rest in it, to get ourselves to rights. Such had been the scramble of the Waterloo gathering, that regiments were marching into action up to the very end, and some did not arrive till all was over. Chiefly from these new-comers, two detachments were now selected, and sent to attack Cambray and Peronne. The latter bore the name of a virgin fortress. But there was universal dismay among the enemy, and very little resistance was made. We heard the firing, as we were enjoying ourselves by the waters of — I never heard the name of the little stream.

On one of these sunny afternoons, I was lying on my face in the soft grass, cozily basking, and chatting with a veteran boy by my side. A sort of Scotch Achilles he was indeed, though, for Achilles, he made rather a startling confession.

'The first time I went into action,' he said, 'I was in a regular funk. I couldn't help it. But I felt sure I had disgraced myself, and fully expected to be turned out of the regiment. To my surprise, nobody found fault with me—nobody shunned me. I took heart, and thought: Well, it's very kind of them; I'll try it and do better next time; and I did. But still it was bad; oh! shocking bad; and still no notice was taken. Practice became frequent. Most days we were under fire, more or less; till I got broken in, and gradually came to behave pretty much like the others. But I can't say I ever really enjoyed any fighting till the other day.'

Our three days' grace came to an end, and away we walked. One evening, the word was passed: 'We are to surprise St Quentin. By two in the morning, the regiment will be under arms. No signals to be made. The most absolute silence necessary.' Tents we had none: ours were at the bottom of the Brussels' canal. So all that was to be done was to rise up, as a wild beast does from his lair. Excellently it was done. I was awaked by a tap on the shoulder, and a whisper in my ear: 'Up with you!' and up I stood. The men had a little more to do; but the doing of it was inaudible and invisible, for the night was a pitch-dark one. Napier gives the number of minutes in which, from their awakening, the old Light Division could get under arms. These men had belonged to it, and made good what Napier says. There they stood, eight hundred men, ready for anything, and would be felt before they were heard or seen. There they stood, and got no word to move. What's amiss? The defenders of St Quentin had given it up, and we lay down to finish our nap.

A few days after, on the march, we fell in with a battery of artillery which had formerly served with the regiment. The men were mostly old acquaintances; there was a hearty recognition and mutual inquiries. I heard a rapid fire of question and answer, in which there seemed no variety. 'How's So-and-so?'—'Dead.' That was the burden of the funeral-song. It seemed to shock both sides. We had met gaily and parted sadly. Very different—very extraordinary were our next acquaintances. A queer troop it was! We were fairly puzzled, and but slowly arrived at the conclusion that the work of our own hands was before us—the sovereign and the court we had helped to restore! Louis XVIII. and his tail, travelling to take possession! Not Frankenstein himself could have been more disgusted at the thing that he had raised up. A most undignified appearance they made indeed; and our men were not commonly civil—truth to tell, I heard hisses.

We had now settled down to a very regular mode of life. At three in the morning, we jumped up; it would be so cold then that I did not like to touch the hilt of my sword, and the heat would be as excessive before the day was over. Our invaluable servants had a cup of hot chocolate ready—that, with hard biscuit, made our breakfast. They got their own, and had everything packed in time to join the battalion, which moved off immediately. One morning, as we were waiting for the bugle, and warming our hands over the fire, a peasant forced his way rudely enough among us, laughing grimly at our effeminacy, which needed fire on a summer morning. 'Look there!' he said, holding out two frightful stumps. 'I left my fingers in Russia. That was something like cold.'

The march, twelve or fifteen miles, was mere play, and the rest of the day was our own. Rations were regular; field-peas abundant and just ripe; they made a capital addition to our stew. Officers would make foraging excursions to pick up fowls, or any other provisions to be had for money, and we paid for all, like Englishmen. But we could not go far, and very little was offered, though we, in advance of the whole army, always came upon fresh ground. The orders against plunder were most rigid. Not a man might leave the bivouac for water, unless regularly marched by a corporal. The fact was, some of our precious allies had taken to pillaging, and the Duke was determined to put it down. Our own men were really very well conducted, and indignant at suffering for the misconduct of fellows whom they thoroughly despised. And this feeling was shared by the officers. Such restrictions were felt as an insult to the regiment. Often, in the villages, we were pressed to stay the night, generally by the women. I heard afterwards that some Prussian officers had yielded to such temptation, and that there had been cases of murder; but there was between the French and Prussians a bitterness with which we had nothing to do.

I was one of a party of three—one mounted—who were foraging in a village, when some of the people came in crying for help; some Germans had broken in, and were plundering. Off we set; soon got sight of the offenders; sent our cavalry to cut off their retreat, and then we two charged into a lot of some twenty foreigners, who were helping themselves. They ran for it, forded a river, and took to a wood; but our active little dragoon made one prisoner. Him we marched into the centre of the village, cut some sticks, made him strip, tied

him to a tree, and told the Frenchmen to lay on. But they were afraid: nothing could induce them to touch him, and he evidently thought he was going to get off. I felt a sensation of rage, and the next moment felt myself flogging, and my two companions helping me. He got a right good thrashing, and was then turned into the river, to follow his comrades.

But I had another adventure of that sort, which might have proved more serious. There was with us a battalion of the German Legion; capital old soldiers, but infamous plunderers. I fell in with two of them—powerful grenadiers—behaving very ill. They had their muskets—I nothing but a sword, and I was but a baby in their hands. Without a thought, or I should hardly have ventured it, I collared them both, and have often since wondered why they did not finish me. It was more than a mile from camp, and they might have done it with perfect safety. Perhaps it was the habit of discipline—perhaps contempt of the boy. But I marched them gravely to their own regiment, and gave them up to their adjutant, making him take down the charge. He smiled as he did so, and pretended to put them in arrest. I saw how the matter was, and thought I had done enough.

The country through which we were passing was one of gentle slopes, and quite open; the general crop, tall rye. I have lost my way in it so completely, that it was only by the sound of the bands I have been able to steer for the camp.

I one day met a Prussian cavalry regiment surging right through it, like a fleet at sea. They were marching in column of sections, twelve or fifteen abreast. The trumpets would give a flourish. The leading section struck up a verse of some soldiers' song, and sung—as trained Germans do—beautifully. The whole regiment took up the chorus. Then another flourish of trumpets. The second section sang a second verse; and so on. And all the time, the harvest was being trampled under their horses' feet!

If, as I would fain hope, the reader has by this time learned to take something like an interest in my comfort and respectability, he will be glad to hear of my getting a good wash; all the more desirable, as we were now really drawing near to that centre of civilisation and elegance, Paris. Comes, then, to me a brother-rough, and says: 'Here's a nice old château. The people have run away—only an old woman in the house. Let's make ourselves comfortable.' We entered; about half-a-dozen—mere boys, and very innocent. The dame was discreet, and left us to ourselves. Such a pond in the garden! and such a hot day! Here goes! In five minutes we were in the water—rinsing our garments, and spreading them on the banks to dry. Then we well and truly washed ourselves, and dried ourselves in the same blessed sun; then stepped into our clean clothes—and emerged perfect puritans. The old woman was very friendly and compassionate. 'You're going up to Paris?' she asked.

'Yes!'—slightly triumphant.

'Ah, poor children! you don't know the men of the faubourg. I do.' (The old wretch had no doubt witnessed the Reign of Terror.) 'They'll cut all your throats, they will!'

At length, to-day we were to see Paris. All went on like other days, till we halted, as usual, for five minutes' rest in a lane. There was a rising-

ground in front; a few officers strolled up it, came back rather hastily, and proclaimed—Paris! The column moved on—topped the rise. Before us was a large dome, glittering in the sun; we had heard of the gilt roof of the 'Invalides' (the French Chelsea), and knew it at once. The city of our dreams lay full in view. Every tower, every building, had a historical name—but we thought not of them; we had eyes for only one object—Montmartre. Rumour had told us that the French were by this time very formidably intrenched before Paris, and that the stronghold of all was Montmartre. There was no mistaking it. Wicked and dangerous it looked—rising sheer out of the plain—one mound of newly turned earth—one vast battery. Our oldest hands looked grave. 'If we are to go at that, it will be no joke.'

Blücher, with his Prussians, had been before Paris for some days; Wellington was known to have gone up and held council with him. 'Marshal Forwards,' as his men delighted to call him, wanted now to go straight forward. The fleeing foe had turned to bay—he would finish him at a blow. But the Duke, an economist in everything, was habitually sparing of the lives of his men—feeling always how few they were, and how matchless. There was no occasion to engage at disadvantage, so he confronted his enemy, ready to strike, when and where his quick eye might catch opportunity. Meanwhile, he sent the gluttonous fighter to do what little fighting remained—to turn the French flank—and we sat down on the heights above Montmorency. Below us a plain, cultivated like a garden; Montmartre rising out of it, as I have said. Almost at our feet, the town of St Denis, where, as I afterwards saw, a deadly trap was set, well and skilfully concealed. Over the background spread the capital of Europe—looking as peaceful as it might do to-day. Across the plain ran a high-road, bordered with avenues of tall trees. The only living object in this plain was a *vedette* (mounted sentry) of our German Legion. For what purpose he was there, none of us could guess; but a parcel of cowardly fellows came out of St Denis, hiding behind the trees of the avenue, and popping at him in pure wantonness. Our hill was covered with anxious and indignant spectators. The steady German kept walking his horse backwards and forwards, impassive as a target. 'Ah! they've hit him! See! his cap's off!' He coolly dismounted to pick it up, and coolly resumed his walk. It seemed an age while this cruel work was going on; at length, to our exceeding joy, he was withdrawn. The clumsy blackguards never hit him, after all.

There was a bustle. What now? The Prussian army defiling past us for the second time, on their way to turn the French. Of their infantry, perhaps every third man carried a chair—plunder. Checks on the march were constant, and whenever one occurred, the chair-men sat down to rest. Numbers of the cavalry were leading their horses, and carrying the saddles on their own backs. On inquiry, I found this was the punishment for neglecting their horses.

Already we were beginning to taste the good things of Paris. Our knowing old campaigners had somehow supplied themselves with wine, in buckets and all kind of vessels. Yet they did not get drunk. I wondered to see it allowed. But there seemed a tacit understanding between officers and men that the indulgence should not be abused.

There came a sudden order to march. O the swearing! It seemed to act as a sort of safety-valve. The buckets were spitefully kicked over—the ground was literally drenched with wine—and we moved as steady as if wine had been water.

This night I made myself exceptionally comfortable. Almost the only point I cared about in my sleeping arrangements was, that my head should be raised. Now I had found a beautiful sloping bank. Willows were there, and rushes; and I 'biggit a bower' which Bessie Bell and Mary Gray might have envied. Above all, I got plenty of clean, smooth, wheaten straw, out of which I manufactured something almost like a mattress. Down I lay. To go to sleep at once was waste of enjoyment. I was, not positively, but superlatively luxurious; ay, and comparatively too, as I listened to heavy firing on the right, and knew how the Prussians were passing that night. Next morning, we all knew that Vandamme had repulsed them, with the loss of two thousand men. (This was looked on as a flea-bite, and amidst the general success, absolutely forgotten; but I dare say the French remember it.)

My sleep was profound. I woke staring: nothing over me but the sky, or under me but the earth. I had gone to sleep on a bed of straw, beneath a canopy of boughs. I rubbed my eyes, looked up, and the mystery was explained—there, on the bank above, stood my hut. I had slidden off my smooth and sloping couch, down to the flat below, without ever waking.

That morning, I was sent on picket to a windmill on a rising-ground, with orders to watch and report any movements of the enemy. A mere post of observation. The miller's house was plundered and deserted; a scientific rummage produced only a little flour, with which my men proceeded to make damper (unleavened cakes). The oven was found to be full of something; they pulled out the poor house-dog, with a bayonet-wound through his heart—dead in defence of his master's property. My sentries had nothing to tell—all was hushed. Around were vineyards and fruit plantations; the men were busy baking; I quietly on the watch. Presently, I heard 'Peep! peep!' and out came a fowl from the vines. I kept still; another answered the signal. All quiet; so temptingly quiet, that, one by one, the whole stock of poultry, which must have fled from the Prussians, came out, and put themselves into my hands. It sounds like taking an ungenerous advantage of such touching confidence, but I confess to chicken-pie.

While it was preparing, I had decided to attempt scaling the mill, which, at first, had looked too ruinous. Up I got, and swept the horizon with my glass. Here and there, a cloud of dust—no more. What is that flag about, on yonder tower—lowered, raised, three times in succession? I was too far off to make out the colours; but I know, since, that the towers were those of Notre Dame; and I conjecture that what I saw was the lowering of the tri-colour, and the hoisting of the white flag. All of a sudden, the mill began to shake so fearfully that I ran to the ladder by instinct; it was only a brother-officer coming to relieve me.

On my way back to the regiment, I met the pontoon-train going to throw a bridge over the Seine. At the risk of affronting Volunteers, I will describe what pontoons then were, and how used (probably modern science has improved them). Light, flat-bottomed, metal boats, which accompany



the army on carriages. You draw a line across your river—float a pontoon—make it fast to the line—anchor it, head and stern; then another, and another, at proper intervals, all across the stream; lay planks from boat to boat—and there is your bridge. Safe enough, if you do not overload it; but it waves up and down under any passing weight, and ignorant horses are apt to disapprove of it. Before it was ready, there was the Duke waiting, and there also was a party of cavalry. The first horses pawed the planks, and shied; the men dismounted to lead them. The Duke laughed. 'Oh, for shame!' he said; 'ride!' He sent them over, and rode after them. In a short time, we got an ugly report that he had been made prisoner. I never heard what foundation there was for it; but certainly that handful of cavalry was the only force across the river with him, until we followed, to attack, as we were told, the bridge of Neuilly, over another winding of the Seine. As we followed the bank, the bridge came in sight. On we went, steadily, in column of companies; mine was one of the last. I saw the leading company, nearer and nearer; saw them wheel to the left, close up to the bridge—looked for the smoke, listened for the rattle; there was neither, and they were quietly crossing. The bridge had been abandoned. It was mined; I saw the places as we passed. No troops shewed; but Lord! (as Pepys would say) Lord! how the women did abuse us! And for a mile or more, there was not a whole pane of glass to be seen; who broke them, or why, I cannot tell. The Prussians had not been here. Probably the retreating French. Once more I was in luck. We took up our quarters in a suburban village—Argenteuil, I think. No billeting. I picked out for myself a snug-looking villa, and walked in. An old respectable servant met me, and explained that he was left in charge, with orders to make any British officer comfortable, and with a gentlemanly request that I would not waste or destroy anything. I assured him I had not such a thought, and we were friends at once. He shewed me over the place. Delicious it was! Such a pavilion, in such a garden! 'Where would I sleep? What would I like for dinner?' To keep all this to myself would be too sulky and greedy. At the same time, I must not trespass too far on the old butler's good-will. First, I fixed on my bedroom. How I did ogle that bed! Remember, I had not slept in one for three weeks. I would have turned in at once, but it was broad day. So I thought mightily of dinner, named an hour, said I would bring two friends, and left the rest to him. He seemed delighted to be so treated, and promised I should be well satisfied. I was now going out, but he pressed me so hard to take something first, that I consented, and he brought me a bottle of wine. My years have been many, so have my wanderings—in the course of which I have seen worshipful society in many lands, and tasted, God be thanked, a very fair quantity of very good wine, but never any to equal that bottle of dry champagne.

I picked up two comrades, and invited them to dinner. 'Come with me at once,' I said; 'we can amuse ourselves till it is ready.' On the way, one of them pricked up his ears. 'Do you hear that bugle?' The assembly! There was no denying it. We had to make the best of our way to the regiment—which was just marching—were kept moving till dark. I got no dinner at all, or supper either, and I slept in a burying-ground, with

my head on a grave. O sublunary hopes, what are ye!

Next morning, I found we were in a large walled enclosure (I have searched for it since, but it does not exist). I strolled out into the high-road, which ran by it. Twenty yards from me were two English *védettes*, carbine in hand; ten yards in front of them sat two French ones, in like attitudes—the first French soldiers I had seen since Waterloo. Presently, I saw a small party of cavalry coming across the fields: it was a French corporal with the relief. He posted fresh sentries (ours sitting like statues). Then he touched his horse's side, and walked up to one of the Britons, pulled out a case-bottle, and tendered it with a bow. It was accepted, with another, and justice done to it. Like hospitality was shewn to the other Englishman; and then the corporal, rejoining his party, went off as he had come. Such are the courtesies of war.

But the war was over—further resistance hopeless; and no one was surprised to hear that the French army was to retire behind the Loire, and we were to enter Paris. Where was Bonaparte? Gone, no one knew where—no one seemed to care. Paris ours! That was enough, and we prepared to make our entry. The colours were not taken out of their cases, for there was hardly anything to take: they were mere rags; and one of the poles was a lancer's, the original one having been snapped in two by the shot which killed the ensign. So the colours were represented by their oilskin bags. As we passed the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, there was a wondering and constantly increasing crowd of spectators, as at a review, but not a soldier. We were the first English.

## STOCKINGS.

WE have always held that a writer is morally bound to begin at the beginning, but are non-plussed how to follow that excellent rule on the present occasion, by reason of our subject having no beginning to it. We are nowhere told that Adam or Eve were ashamed of their nether limbs, nor is it recorded when their descendants first awoke to the impropriety and inconvenience of parading earth bare-legged; in fact, we are utterly in the dark as to when, where, or by whom stockings were first introduced to an appreciative world.

The Anglo-Saxons were accustomed to swathe their legs in garters, tied in a knot just below the knee; and if illuminators may be accepted as trustworthy authorities, King Canute wore a pair of veritable stockings. The Normans wore long drawers called *chaussés*, sometimes bandaged and crossed with garters. How their wives and daughters clad their lower limbs, we do not know. Henry III. made his sister a present of a pair of gold-embroidered cloth stockings, and we are inclined to infer therefrom that stockings were familiar articles of feminine attire before they became common to the apparel of both sexes.

In an account-book kept by one of the servants of the first Duke of Norfolk, bearing date 1463, there is an entry of the payment of three shillings and fourpence for 'hosyn,' fourteen shillings for two pair of 'morrey hosyn,' and ten shillings for

'a pair of black and a pair of white for my master.' Henry VIII. is said to have worn taffeta or cloth hose, except when, by lucky chance, he could procure a pair of silken hose from Spain. From an inventory of his apparel, however, it is evident that King Hal's hose were made of various materials—of coloured cloths, of silk, satin, and velvet. But these 'hose' were rather breeches than stockings, for in the same inventory we find entered, 'a yard and a quarter of green velvet for stocks to a pair of hose for the king's grace—a yard and a quarter of purple satin to cover the stocks of a pair of hose of purple cloth tissue,' besides several entries of similar character respecting 'stockyng of hose.' After a time, the component parts of the hose became separated, the upper part retaining the old name, and the lower portion receiving the names of stocks, nether-stocks, and stockings. Unfortunately, our old writers apply the term 'hose' indifferently to either garment; and we are often puzzled (as when Skelton describes the poor women of his time hobbling about in blanket hose) to tell which they really mean.

The introduction of silk stockings must have been welcomed heartily by all who could afford to buy them. Mezerai asserts they were first worn by Henry II. of France, at the marriage of his sister in 1559; but before that, Edward VI. had graciously accepted a pair from the merchant-prince, Sir Thomas Gresham, who imported them from Spain, the land where they were first manufactured. The story goes, that a loyal-minded grandee, the happy possessor of one of the first pairs of silk stockings made in Spain, thought he could not do better than present the novel utilities to his queen, and to that end placed them in the hands of the first minister of the crown, greatly to the discomposure of that modest man, who astonished the innocent-meaning noble by returning him his stockings, and bidding him remember that 'the queen of Spain had no legs!' Our own Elizabeth, not ashamed to own that she had legs, received a similar gift in a very different manner. Soon after her accession, her majesty's silkwoman, Mistress Montague, tendered as her New-year's gift a pair of knitted black silk stockings—the first of the kind made in England. Elizabeth lost no time in putting the gift to its proper use, and was so pleased with the result, that she sent for Mrs Montague, and inquired where she procured such comfortable foot-gear, and if she could get any more like them. 'I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majesty,' replied the silkwoman; 'and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' quoth the queen; 'for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings.' And she kept her royal word, and would have laughed at the economy of the Margrave John of Custrin, who, seeing one of his councillors wearing silk stockings on a weekday, said to him: 'Barthold, I have silk stockings too, but I wear them only on Sundays and holidays.'

Shakspeare seemingly perpetrates an anachronism when he makes Prince Henry tell Poinc he knows he owns but two pair of silk stockings, the pair on his legs, and those that were the peach-coloured ones. The many allusions made by

Shakspeare, prove that the stocking was worn by all classes of people when he wrote his plays. Sir Andrew Aguecheek flatters himself that his leg does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Mad Petruchio claims Kate the curst as his bride 'with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list;' and when he arrives at his home, expects his servants to honour the occasion by welcoming their mistress in their new fustian and their white stockings. Socks and foul stockings contributed towards making Falstaff's buck-basket journey disagreeable; Kit Sly, the drunken cobbler, exclaims: 'Never ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet;' and Malvolio has immortalised yellow stockings, even should Blue-coat boys forswear them.

According to Stow, the Earl of Pembroke was the first Englishman to encase his legs in home-made knitted worsted stockings. He says, that in the year 1564, one Rider, a London 'prentice, taken with the appearance of a pair of woollen stockings he had seen at an Italian merchant's, managed to borrow them for a few days, made a pair exactly like them, and presented them to the earl. There may have been something peculiar enough in the Mantuan hose for Rider to think them worth imitating, but there are strong reasons for believing knitted stockings were by no means such unfamiliar things to English eyes as Stow insinuates. 'What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?' asks Launce, in one of Shakspeare's earliest plays. Knitted hose are mentioned in an act of parliament passed in the reign of Edward VI.; and from the Household Book of Sir Thomas l'Estrange, we find that a pair of knitted hose could be bought, in 1533, for a couple of shillings, while children's stockings of the same sort only cost sixpence a pair—too low a price, it seems to us, for anything from beyond the seas. Boethius, in 1497, says of the Scotch, 'their hosen were shapen of linen or woollen, and never came higher than their knee;' and Savary does not hesitate to credit the Scots with the invention, upon the rather insufficient ground that the French stocking-knitters chose St Fiacre as the patron of their guild. Holinshed, describing a pageant at Norwich in 1573, tells us: 'Upon a stage stood at the one end eight small women children spinning worsted yarn, and at the other, as many knitting of worsted yarn hose;' and in another place says the bark of the alder was used by country wives for dyeing their knit hosen black.

Cloth stockings went completely out of favour in Elizabeth's reign; worsted, jamsey, thread, silk, and fine yarn being employed in its place. Stockings of yellow, white, red, russet, tawny, and green were not deemed sufficiently elegant unless they were interlaced with gold and silver thread, or had 'quirks and clocks' about the ankle. 'And to such impudent insolency and shameful outrage it is now grown,' complains the horrified Stubbs, 'that every one, almost, though otherwise very poor, having scarcely forty shillings of wages by the year, will not stick to have two or three pair of these silk nether-stocks, or else of the finest yarn that may be got, though the price of them be a royal, or twenty shillings, or more, as commonly it is, for how can they be less, when the very knitting of them is worth a noble or a royal, and some much more. The

time hath been when one might have clothed his body well from top to toe for less than a pair of these nether-stocks will cost.' With stockings in such demand, Lee might reasonably hope his stocking-loom would receive patronage and protection; but his hopes were grievously disappointed. Elizabeth refused to grant him a patent, and he took his loom to France. The ill-fortune so common to great inventors pursued him there, and he died poor and broken-hearted. After his death, some of his workmen succeeded in establishing themselves in England, and laid the foundations of the stocking-manufacture, the importance of which may be estimated by the fact, that twenty years ago, nearly fifty thousand looms were employed in the trade, a number that has no doubt been since largely increased.

Kings have often enough condescended to borrow of meaner creatures. James I. carried this species of condescension somewhat lower than usual, in borrowing a pair of scarlet stockings with gold clocks from one of his courtiers, when he desired to impress the French ambassador with an overpowering notion of his magnificence. Had all his subjects been as economical, the stocking-makers would have fared badly; luckily for them, the extravagances of the former reign still held their own; and the rage for leg-decoration took a new form, and expended some of its zeal upon broad garters, with gold fringes and point-lace ends, which were fastened below the knee with a large bow or rosette. Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, advises his supposed pupil, if he was ambitious, 'to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters;' to study his directions until he can walk, as others fight, by the book, and then Paul's may be proud of him, and all the Inns of Court rejoice to behold his most handsome leg. Another writer declares the fops were spangled garters worth a copyhold, filling the ladies, especially such as had good legs, with envy, because fashion would not allow them to make a similar display.

The Cavaliers affected gay stockings and long dangling garters; so, of course, the Puritans patronised the opposite fashion of sombre black stockings, and tied their garters up short. In Charles II.'s reign, England supplied the foreign markets with leathern, silken, woollen, and kersey stockings; but as regards the home consumption, Nat Lee grumbled that plain sense had grown

Despicable as plain clothes,

As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.

The last were not likely to be in high favour at a time when an English ambassador thought it necessary to appear in white silk stockings over scarlet ones of the same material; and a lady's wardrobe was considered incomplete without at least four pair of silk stockings 'shot through with silver,' and diamond-buckled garters to keep them company. Mr Pepys 'made himself fine' with linen stockings from the Hague, and when he went into complimentary mourning for the Duke of Gloucester, donned a pair of short black stockings over his silk ones. That ladies did not demur at receiving gear for their nether limbs from their admirers, may be inferred from Pepys choosing a pair of silk stockings as his gift to pretty Mrs Pierce, when she was his valentine. At another time, he records in his Diary: 'To my cousin Turner's, where, having the last night been told by her that she had drawn me

for her valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of green silk stockings and garters and shoe-strings.' Mr Pepys was not singular in his fancy for green stockings. One day, Lord Chesterfield met King Charles and his brother at Miss Stewart's, when the conversation turning upon the Muscovite ambassadors, then the talk of the town, 'that fool Crofts' unluckily observed that all the ladies of the said Muscovites had handsome legs. Upon this his majesty gallantly swore no woman in the world owned such a leg as their beautiful hostess; and Miss Stewart, to confound any sceptics present, 'with the greatest imaginable ease' immediately afforded the company ocular demonstration of the fact. All the gentlemen, with one exception, endorsed the royal judgment. The exception was the Duke of York, who contended that the leg on view was too slender, avowed his preference for something shorter and thicker, and concluded his critical remarks by asserting that 'no leg was worth anything without green stockings!' This struck my Lord Chesterfield as irrefragable evidence that the royal duke had green stockings fresh in his recollection; and as it happened that Lady Chesterfield had short and thick legs, and was partial to green stockings, the jealous earl jumped to a jealous conclusion, and lost no time in carrying his wife into the country, to keep her out of mischief. Yellow stockings would seem to have been favoured by humbler folks, for when the queen and the duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, bent on a graceless frolic, disguised themselves as country wenches, and mixed with the crowd at Audley End Fair, her majesty 'bought a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart' at one of the booths, in order to keep up her assumed character.

In Dutch William's reign, the gentlemen wore their long stockings rolled up over the knee. With the square-cut coats and long flapped waistcoats of the days of Anne, it was the fashion to wear scarlet or blue silk stockings, ornamented with gold or silver stocks, drawn over the knee, but gartered below it. The beaux of the beginning of the Georgian era voted scarlet and blue vulgar, relegating such vivid colours to second-rate dancing-masters, and affected pearl-coloured stockings, the tops of which were hidden by their knee-breeches. From a memorandum of Lady Suffolk's, we learn that one dozen pair of thread stockings, at seven-and-sixpence per pair, was considered a sufficient supply to last a princess of England a couple of years. In 1753, the fair sex were reproached for making

Their petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide  
Might decently shew how their garters were tied—

(a couplet not altogether inapplicable to the ladies of our own time); and for being generally too fond of displaying their white stockings. In 1778, Walpole's friend, Mrs Damer, brought black silk stockings in vogue for a while, white having hitherto been worn even for mourning. English cotton stockings were in great request abroad, so much so, indeed, that when all trade between England and France was prohibited, the Empress Josephine actually applied to parliament for permission to purchase half-a-dozen pair for her own use, a request that was of course at once complied with. When knee-breeches went out of use, the stocking went out of view, and ceased to become a noticeable item in male attire; and as to the leg-gear of the

ladies, we have no further changes to chronicle, except the marked revival, of late years, of coloured stockings.

### OLIVER OAKLAND.

I CAN'T name the year just at this moment, but it was early in the twenties, when I matriculated at St John's College, Cambridge. The only man I knew there, except my tutor, was Oliver Oakland, afterwards known to the whole college as Noble Nol. We had come from the same quiet neighbourhood of Chelmsford, in Essex, where our families had been old and friendly neighbours from grandfather times. Mine, the Westwoods, were well to do, having a respectable property in house and land, which I, being the only boy out of seven olive plants, expected to inherit some day. His consisted of his mother and himself. Their entire income was the pension allowed to a lieutenant's widow, and their expectations were Oliver's wits. How he got first to school, and then to college, was the wonder of all their friends; but a small legacy left them by a maiden aunt had been eked out by all sorts of endeavours of their own: the mother gave private lessons to young ladies; the son gave private assistance to young gentlemen; and both made hard pulls—very hard they had to be—on the sympathies of their cousin, the rector, who kept no curate, and farmed his glebe to the best advantage. Moreover, the Oaklands had a beacon-light to guide their honest ambition: over the mantel-piece in their little parlour, side by side with the deceased lieutenant, who had fallen in a far East Indian field, too young for his son to remember him, there hung the portrait of a sour, wind-dried man, in university cap and gown, Zachary Oakland by name, a hard-headed scholar of some note in his generation, which was long past, for he was Oliver's grand-uncle, and had begun life a poor student, but died the Master of St John's College. That portrait, and the sour, wind-dried man it represented, were the glory and the guiding-star of the Oaklands, though it was traditionally said that the learned Zachary had never exchanged word or sign with one of his family from his twenty-first birthday, when his father refused to furnish funds for the only bet he ever made in his life—I believe it was on a cock-fight—and all his kindred approved of the denial.

The Master of St John's had been saving as well as learned, and was believed to have died rich, but how or where he had hidden his money, nobody could discover. A strict search had been made at the time of his death, which was rather sudden, though he had passed threescore and ten. The Oaklands and the college both expected to be his heirs, for Zachary had escaped the snares of matrimony; but no cheque-book, hoard, or will was found, nothing, in short, that could indicate what had become of his very considerable savings. At first, the Master's housekeeper was suspected; but time proved the fallacy of that opinion; the poor, honest woman, who had been neither overpaid nor over well kept by her late employer, remained poor and honest to the last; and having no other solution for the problem, people settled on the savings being sunk in some absurd speculation which the old man was too proud to acknowledge, and had therefore destroyed the vouchers. St

John's had got nothing by him, and neither had the Oaklands; but the notable Master was a feather in each of their caps; and now that other Masters had come and gone the same way, and his glory had faded from the memory of all but very old Fellows, he was a feather in the Oaklands' cap still, and an encouraging example to my friend Oliver.

Well, we began our college course together—I as a gentleman-commoner, he as a poor sizar. That was the work of fortune; but in all that nature had to do with, Oliver had far the advantage of me. I don't think anybody ever thought me handsome, except the eldest of Sir Jacob Short-common's eleven daughters, called Mrs Westwood this many a year; and when we quarrel, she says *she* never thought so. The highest compliment to my intellectual abilities that I remember was paid by my grandmother, the excellent old lady being in the habit of assuring myself and friends that I had more common sense than any soul would give me credit for. Young Oakland, on the contrary, was a fine handsome fellow, standing six feet in his slippers; he would have made a killing Guardsman, if anybody had bought him a commission and an outfit, but Oakland had far too much brains for that service. All who knew him said he could do anything if he only put his mind to it; and Oakland's mind was put to a good deal in his college-time. There was not an exhibition, not a prize within a sizar's reach that he did not carry off from scores of competitors; and the amount of grinding and coaching he did in a quiet way could never be guessed at. You will understand those familiar terms, I trust. Oakland was still giving private assistance to young gentlemen, especially at the approach of examination-days. I won't say he didn't assist myself. The old acquaintance between our families ripened with us into a regular students' friendship, the truest thing of the kind perhaps. I got many another companion as time went on, some that made me useful, some that led me into scrapes, some that snubbed, and some that flattered me, but I never had a college-friend except Oliver Oakland. We were differently situated, and differently disposed too. I, being pretty well supplied, and born heir of the Westwood property, paid as little attention to lectures and exercises as college rules would allow, and learned as little as was needful for a country gentleman; got into all the gaieties of the place, from boating upwards; was out and about at all possible hours; and something of what was then called a dandy. He was a laborious student, hard reading, and poor as Samuel Johnson might have been when he stood so much in need of shoes at the rival university; but unlike Johnson at any period of his life, Oakland was courteous, considerate, and agreeable. Oliver gave me the little time he could spare, occasionally good advice, always a good example, and all the help to learning that I wanted. I gave him my entire confidence, consisting chiefly of difficulties with tailors, &c., and the relieving officer at home, not to speak of heart-ques regarding town or country belles, with some one of whom I was fathoms deep in love every season, and also took credit to myself for obliging him with a loan when his pocket was particularly light—I mean empty—and for dragging him out from his books and close room to the fresh air and open country round Cambridge.

It was on one of these expeditions, towards the end of our third year, that I stumbled on a secret



with which Oakland had not thought proper to intrust me. We were coming home one evening from a long ramble, and passing the Chapone Institution, an old-fashioned boarding-school of great strictness and high gentility, kept by the maiden daughters of a former Bishop of Ely, and named, I know not why, unless there was some connection in the case with the lady who wrote such instructive and unentertaining Letters to her Niece, when my eye was caught by a plainly-dressed but uncommonly pretty girl at the gate, who would have spoken to Oliver if I had not been there. It was a true-love business, I knew by my friend's eyes, which he could not keep from following her as she tripped up the lawn and into the house without once turning her head. They were very discreet about it; but I had told Oakland so many similar secrets of mine, that I thought myself entitled to ferret out the only one he had; and a fair opportunity occurred on the following Saturday, when I had him in my rooms at supper, a hamper of game having come from Westwood Manor. We were alone, and he was in rather low spirits, as I observed was often the case with him of late.

'You are in love, Oakland,' said I, determined to dash into my subject.

'How can that be?' he said. 'Falling in love is for such lucky fellows as you, who will have property to marry on if they please, not for such poor souls as myself, who must drudge their lives out at mathematics and dead languages to get a seat among those hard dry old bachelors at the Fellows' table.'

Oliver spoke with more bitterness than was usual to him; and I, knowing that his college-life was not an easy one, and guessing that he might be hard-up just now, pressed the good wine upon him, by way of consolation. Under its genial influence, my friend warmed, and I got assurance enough to quiz and question him concerning the plainly-dressed pretty girl. After a little beating about the bush, Oliver opened his heart to me: perhaps it was a relief to the solitary and struggling man to tell his tale. The pretty girl was Miss Russell, commonly called Bessy. She was an orphan, without relations or friends, except the maiden ladies of the Institution, of whom her father, a poor curate, had been a scarcely acknowledged connection, and to whom she had been junior assistant since the beginning of her fifteenth year. 'She is little over eighteen now,' said Oakland; 'but a wiser or a better woman does not exist. You're laughing in your sleeve, I dare say, but Bessy could advise the oldest man in the college for his good: women can do the like, if it be in them, without our books and universities. I understand the ladies of the Institution can't find a fault in Bessy; and it must be a small one that escapes them. I never could have got acquainted with her but for a savage dog I had the pleasure and good-luck to save her from one evening in the summer before last. She has a hard life there between the old maids and the young ladies they teach, but Bessy never complains. I know the girl loves me, Westwood, and I can't think of living without her; so, after I take my B.A., I am going to dig into divinity. My cousin the rector will want a curate some day, and I'll settle down to the work, and marry Bessy.'

'I never thought you had a turn for the church, Oakland,' said I; 'but if there was a living in the gift of my family, it should be at your service,

though it seems to me a downright burying of your talents, and I wonder what your mother will say.'

'I don't know,' said Oliver with almost a groan. 'She has set her heart and hopes on seeing me one of the college dons, and made many a sacrifice for it; but the best girl in Europe would not please her for a daughter-in-law, without some rank or fortune, and Bessy has neither. Westwood, it is hard to think of burying my talents, as you call them, and taking to clerical duties, when, between ourselves, I have no vocation for them; but it is far harder to think of crossing my poor good mother.'

I tried to dissuade my friend from his design; but he shewed me plainly that there was no other chance of a wedding for him and Bessy, and on that wedding Oliver had fixed his mind with all the resolute constancy that was in it. He had not my advantage of getting easily snared and easily free, and Bessy's face was one that might haunt a man at a solitary fireside. He had jealous fears, too: it would be wearing away the best part of her life to wait for good-fortune that might never come: to his certain knowledge, she had offers from a drawing-master and a well-to-do tradesman; but still the poor fellow would have made any sacrifice to Plutus, after the fashion of his friends the ancients, could it have availed him to escape the church and his mother's displeasure.

We parted sad and sober in spite of the good wine. But when I saw Oliver again, it was Monday morning, when he entered my room with a face full of fun and an open letter in his hand. 'Here is a pattern epistle in the sentimental line, and I want you, as a gentleman skilled in such matters, to tell me whence it comes: a hoax of course,' he said, handing me the letter, which to the best of my recollection ran as follows:

'Can the sensible, the accomplished, the fascinating Oakland respond to a sincere and heartfelt passion, not transitory and unprofitable, like the love of common minds, but steadfast, and sure to guide his steps to riches and prosperity? If he can, let him reply to Cynthia at the post-office; his letter will be waited for with anxious hope, received with delight, and answered with expedition.'

My friend and I laughed heartily over the effusion, and agreed that it was a hoax; but who was the perpetrator, I could guess as little as Oliver himself. Yet there was something in the writing, though evidently a disguised hand, familiar to my eyes. I thought and poured over it, but could fix on nobody; and the mystery seemed to work upon Oakland, studious and steady as he was, for he resolved to carry on the joke, and thereby find out his fair correspondent, as we both felt sure the hand was that of a woman. Cynthia was answered on the spot, in a strain as grandiloquent as her own. She replied by the very next post, and got another answer. Six or seven letters were thus exchanged, I being the only outsider in the secret; and the only point that either watching or bribery could ascertain for Oliver was, that Cynthia's letters were called for by a variety of ragged boys, who, when they could be got at and questioned, said sometimes an old woman had sent them to the post-office, and sometimes a young lady. The correspondence did not advance rapidly towards a solution. My friend was always declaring himself able and willing to respond to any amount of affection and confidence, while the lady, as I thought to lure him on, took up the strain of men being deceivers ever. But none of her epistles closed without the hint

growing plainer at every repetition of the riches and prosperity to which she could guide his steps; and at last—it was like a drowning man clutching at a straw—poor Oliver seemed to half believe that his good-fortune was somehow to come through Cynthia, when a curious accident enabled me to unveil the charmer.

At the end of Trumpington Street, next to St John's Lane, there was at the time of my story, and had been for many a year before, a shop of all-warens in the students' fancy line. Everything that college-men required in those days, from second-hand books to new boxing-gloves, might be bought there; steel spurs for game-cocks, white kids for evening-parties, pipes of every form, smoking-caps, with other goods too various to mention, made it the constant resort of students. The shop was kept by a Miss Josephs, and a woman whom she pleased to call her nurse, but whom popular tradition affirmed to be her mother. Miss Josephs was of an age not to be ascertained. Her face had a remarkable likeness to that of a parrot; her figure strikingly resembled an upright deal-board; she had a dark muddy complexion, a considerable squint, and stiff black hair, said to be daily thinned by plucking out the gray. Yet the prettiest woman in England could not have looked more certain of her triumph over the hearts of men, or put on more airs and graces for that purpose. It was a study of the ridiculous to see her behind the counter, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and talking like a fainting duchess. The students one and all laughed at her; and throughout Cambridge (I think it was the boating-men who gave her the title), on account of a peculiar mode she had of moving her skinny arms, Miss Josephs was known as the Steerer.

They laughed at and paid her extravagant compliments; paid extravagant prices, too, for most of her wares; the shop was convenient, and the credit long; but the wildest or most mischievous student never cared to go further, great as the encouragement was for practical joking and burlesque romance. The Steerer's nurse—I never knew another name for her—was lucky in not living two centuries earlier, for she might have sat to any painter who wanted a perfect witch. It was said there were fierce quarrels between her and the fascinating lady, always about money-matters, in which their calculations seldom agreed; but they addressed each other in the most affectionate terms in public, bore strong testimony to each other's virtues, kept no servant, and admitted nobody within their walls except by special invitation, and such events were few and far between. The Steerer was chief-shopkeeper, and had the control of windows and counter: but the nurse had a back corner, screened by a half partition, out of which she sold at fitting times, and to confidential customers, cigars that had never paid duty, snuff of unrivalled excellence, and it was said, more questionable wares. The pair were not natives, and whence they came, nobody in Cambridge could certify; but there was a floating tradition that they were somehow descended from Portuguese Jews; and their powers of making out bills, and getting them paid, seemed to warrant its truth.

There was another tale concerning them, which probably contributed to make the students keep a safe distance. Some three years before Oliver and myself entered St John's, there had been

among its gownsmen one rather poor, rather clever, and not very wise. He happened to have got three affairs of some moment on his hands at once—namely, reading for a fellowship, making love to the Steerer, and a promise of marriage to his bed-maker's daughter. With such contradictory irons in the fire, success was scarcely possible, and so it proved with him. He lost the fellowship; he was called on to fulfil his promise; and he had to go and explain matters to the Steerer. What attraction he had found in that quarter, nobody could make out; but from casual hints, his college-friends supposed that he had been led to believe in some great fortune or legacy which she was to inherit. Well, the student went to her house by special arrangement one winter evening, to make his woful confession, and take a fond farewell. The neighbours knew there was a fine supper cooked, and wine brought in; but whether the conversation or the viands proved too much for him, the young man returned early to his rooms, and the same night was seized with an illness which the doctors, after a deal of uncertainty, found out to be brain fever, and of which he died on the ninth day.

I had heard that story many a time, and was thinking of it, it may be in malice, after glancing over a pretty heavy account from the shop in Trumpington Street, when all at once it occurred to me that the hand that set down the various items in good ledger style, was, in spite of its disguise, the very same which had written Cynthia's letters. There was a small repository of similar bills in my desk, and a survey of them left no doubt in my mind. I flew to acquaint Oliver with the discovery; and a comparison of documents satisfied us both that Cynthia was none other than the Steerer. I laughed, till Oliver's rooms rang, over the grandiloquent passages in her love-letters. Oakland laughed too, and agreed with me that it was a capital tale; but the more we talked over it, the less he seemed amused, and I could not help seeing that there was some part of the subject of which he did not speak, but was thinking seriously. Once more, the poor student's story occurred to me. Doubtless it was of it Oliver was thinking, and I hinted my recollections, with a hope that he would have nothing more to do with the fair unknown. Oakland made no reply, at least no direct one, but I understood he was of the same mind by his immediately pointing out the necessity of keeping all that concerned Cynthia between ourselves, if we did not mean to furnish the whole university with a jest at our own expense. I saw the wisdom of his counsel; for though not a principal in the affair, I at anyrate should have felt bound to spare my friend the laughter and jokes it must occasion. I parted with Oliver on that understanding, and did not see him for some days after, as I got engaged with a boating-party. We had gone down the Cam, and came home rather tired. Though it was not very late, most of the shops in Trumpington Street were shut; the Steerer's door was, but her window remained open. Through it I remarked a man, not looking at goods, but at her, while he leaned on the counter in earnest conversation, and a movement of his head shewed me that it was my friend, Oliver Oakland.

I went home, not knowing what to think. Had his newly-discovered Cynthia really attracted my friend, and made him waver in his allegiance to

the pretty Bessy? If so, the promise to guide his steps to riches and prosperity must be the chief charm; yet how could Oliver, shrewd and sensible as he was, believe such a thing possible to a small shopkeeper in Trumpington Street? The Steerer's gatherings could not be a temptation to a man like him, yet I had seen Oliver earnestly engaged with her; it was not the best or cheapest of her goods that brought him there at such an hour, after warning me to keep the subject of her letters out of the students' ears. In my contempt and indignation at his deceit, I wished my word had not been given on that matter; but given it was, and nothing remained but to give Oliver the cold-shoulder. I tried it for some days; almost weeks, indeed; Oliver saw nothing of me, and I saw nothing of Oliver. He did not avoid me, so far as I could see, but he did not seek me out: conscious guilt, thought I; but somehow the man had become too needful to my life and mind to be thus parted with. I went to his rooms at our usual meeting-time in the evening, but he was out. I guessed where, watched about Trumpington Street, and saw him come out of the Steerer's private door. Next day, we met by accident, and I took the opportunity to congratulate him on being admitted to Cynthia's bower. Oliver looked as if any other observation would have been more welcome, but he was by no means as much abashed as I expected; on the contrary, he made light of it, like one who was carrying on a jest, talked more gaily and carelessly than ever I had heard him, and in reply to my question, 'What will Bessy say?' he merely said: 'Oh, never mind Bessy; she is a prudent girl.'

Oliver was engaged with the Steerer; a pretty strict watch proved to me that he visited her every evening after shop-hours, and Oliver was changed in every particular. Of me, his only intimate friend, he had grown positively careless; his less familiar acquaintances remarked that something occupied him more than his usual studies; he was absent at lectures, and took no heed of what was said of him. Still, for our old friendship's sake, I would not make the cause of his altered conduct public, knowing that it must make Oliver ridiculous; and I had scarcely taken that resolution, when a new and strange light was thrown on the subject by Mrs Mops, my bed-maker.

All who chance to be acquainted with college-life will know what an indispensable functionary the bed-maker is to every student; for she who bears that humble title is, in fact, the sole manager of his domestic affairs. Mrs Mops was a jewel of the kind, honest, careful, and sober, of discreet age, for she had been forty years at the bed-making business, and it was her boast that she never did for nobody but steady gentlemen. Mrs Mops had a discreet tongue, too—a gift rather rare among the ladies of her calling—and as she officiated for Oliver as well as for me, I was somewhat startled by the good woman saying, with a peculiar look when lighting my fire one evening: 'May I ax, sir, if anything strange has happened to Mr Oakland?'

'Nothing that I know of. What makes you think there has?' said I, determined to hear all she had to say.

'Just because he has taken to such odd ways, not like himself at all; there ain't nothing wrong nor unsteady, you know, but just uncommon strange;' and Mrs Mops dropped her voice to a

whisper. 'He's never at his books in the evenings, as he used to be, and I can't find out where he goes. He's always a-thinking and a-talking about something to himself; it ain't learning, sir, for he laughs and whistles over it. But the strangest thing of all is what the gardener's wife tells me, that he's going about the college-grounds at all hours of the night, ay, in the loneliest part of them, sir, where the old Dutch summer-house stands among the willows beside the river.'

I knew the spot to which Mrs Mops referred; it is doubtless improved or altered long ago; but at the time it was a neglected outlying wing of the college-grounds, deeply shaded by ancient willow-trees, in the midst of which stood a solitary summer-house made of wood, on the old Dutch pattern, with a pagoda roof and floor of coloured tiles. What could Oliver be doing there at all hours of the night? I questioned the good woman closely, got full details, and came to the conclusion that my poor friend's reason was dropping the reins. Overstudy and overanxiety were telling on his strong and active mind; here was the explanation of his visits to the Steerer, his coldness to myself, and all the change that had surprised his fellow-students. I dismissed Mrs Mops with a request for secrecy; she manifestly thought as I did concerning Oakland; had a great regard for him; and being no gossip, would probably keep her promise in that respect. Then I sat by the fire, pitying his poor mother, his poor Bessy, and wondering what I ought to do as a friend under the circumstances, till my brown-study was broken up by a knock at my door, and in walked Oliver himself.

He shook hands with me as warmly as if our friendship had never cooled, and took his accustomed seat beside me. There was nothing wild or disorderly in his look, but I knew he had something particular to say, and the next minute it came: 'Westwood, you are the best, the only friend I ever had; and I want you to help me through a business which few men have to do often. Bessy and I are going to get married quietly and quickly. You may stare, but it is true; I have got the means to keep her handsomely; and Oliver's eyes seemed to dance with joy. 'Don't be alarmed; I am in my right mind, Westwood; I have got my grand-uncle's long-lost money. Listen! The old fellow had hidden it under the floor of the Dutch summer-house, where he used to sit day and night, they say, in his latter years; and left a sort of will written in Greek, the purest Attic, I assure you, bequeathing the whole hoard to his next of kin, with particular directions where to find it. The will—I don't know how—got into the hands of a dealer in waste paper, who sold it in a bale of his goods to our friend Cynthia, many years ago. I am not sure that the old witch behind the partition yonder don't use the like in the choice Havanas she makes up; at any rate the bale was bought, and my grand-uncle's will in it. The Greek characters were beyond the Steerer's scrutiny, but the old master had written his name at full length, in English letters, on the back; and either the Fates, or the faculty for scenting out money, peculiar to her Jewish race, made her keep it out of the Havanas, and safe in a private drawer. It appears that unfortunate fellow who got into trouble between her and the bed-maker's daughter, and escaped them both by the brain fever, gave her an inkling of its value—by the by, he could not have been a good Grecian, or there should have been



little for me to find. So the Steerer took to promising riches and prosperity; you remember her letters, of course, Westwood; it must have been my good genius that prompted me to make out what she meant by that.

'And you made it out,' said I, getting sure enough of Oliver's sanity; 'made love to the charming Cynthia over her shop-counter; got hold of the paper and thereby of the money.'

'That was exactly what I did, Westwood,' and Oliver winced as he spoke. 'It was not strictly honourable, I'll allow, but what else was to be done with the woman? However, I have bought Beechly Farm, which will keep Bessy and me comfortably, in my own county. My mother shall live with us; or, if she can't agree with Bessy, though I think anybody might, she'll have a cottage to herself at the end of the lane. You and I will be neighbours, and I hope friends, for the rest of our lives; but, Westwood, I must get married at once. If the thing were done, matters might be settled with the Steerer; I have kept a decent sum to pay her off. Will you help me to get the licence? will you give Bessy away? There will be nobody but yourself at our wedding; my mother must know nothing of the business till it's done. Westwood, can I reckon on you?'

'That you can,' said I, seeing that Oliver was in desperate haste, and in considerable fear of his charming Cynthia; and in those green days of mine, the course he proposed to take seemed the readiest, if not the most commendable. We talked over it till far in the night; got the licence next day; and on a cold, drizzly morning, the curate of St Peter's Church made Oliver and Bessy one, in presence of myself and the clerk. I can't say on what excuse the assistant-teacher got out so early; but directly after the ceremony, she went back to the Chapone Institution, till Oliver could get the Steerer paid off, and make the fact of his marriage respectably public.

How he went about the first part of the business, I never exactly learned, but it appeared to have been successfully managed; and when he called at my rooms in the evening, Oliver was perfectly enthusiastic in the Steerer's praise. 'She stood it like an angel,' said he. 'I never imagined she could be so sensible and considerate; never scolded, never cried—though, between ourselves, a fit was the least that I expected—but seemed to understand at once that the thing was done, and accepted it with uncommonly good grace. By the by, I paid her down two thousand pounds, in lieu of myself, you'll say. Well, Westwood, it clears one's conscience; and I must tell you the old woman was as friendly as Cynthia; she knew all about the affair, of course; and between them, they made me promise that Bessy and I should spend Saturday evening with them. A queer visiting-place for a young bride; but they brought it about so that I could not refuse, and Bessy is not like ordinary girls to stand on a trifle. I have taken apartments in town, and written to my mother. I couldn't take Bessy home without knowing how she would be received; but I won't have her staying any longer with those old pigs at the Institution.'

Oliver and I had a good deal of conversation regarding his prospects, which indeed seemed fair and pleasant. He did not tell me the exact sum he had found hidden under the coloured tiles in the summer-house floor, but it must have been a handsome one. He had bought Beechly Farm, a very

comfortable property; told me how he would enlarge the house, lay out the grounds, have done with college-life, and spend the rest of his days in the manner of Palemon, now that he had found his Lavinia. With these fair hopes, Oliver went from me that night, after exacting a promise that I would come to see him and Bessy at their new address on the following Sunday, for, till then, he knew I must be busy with certain reading that had to be done, and country cousins that were to be shewn over Cambridge.

Well, that Sunday came; the reading and the lionising had been got through, and I was dressing at an earlier hour than usual, when my room-door suddenly opened, and in rushed Oliver looking like a ghost. 'Westwood!' he cried, 'for God's sake, come with me and see Bessy; she awoke this morning out of her mind. I have sent for three doctors, and they can do nothing for her. O my friend, come and tell me what you think.' I went with him to a very respectable lodging, and there found poor Bessy stark mad. No other term could give an idea of her condition: she knew nobody, she recollected nothing—her husband, her marriage, her honeymoon, all were forgotten; and her incoherent ravings always recurred to something about two old women and wine. No cause could be assigned for the sudden visitation. She had been in good health and spirits on the preceding evening, which the new-married pair spent according to promise with Miss Josephs and her nurse; she retired to rest without any noticeable change, and woke at the break of day in frantic madness.

To make a sad tale short: all that medical skill and experience could suggest was tried for poor Bessy, but tried in vain; her insanity was hopeless, and without one lucid interval, nor could all the doctors engaged throw the smallest light on its cause. There was indeed a suspicion hinted at by one of our old professors, and firmly believed by Oliver, that some drug, of extraordinary and peculiar power, had been mixed with something which the unlucky bride had eaten or drunk in the house of her paid-off rival. Whether the suspicion were true or not, the Steerer and her nurse made a mighty show of regret and commiseration; but their shop got deserted, and they left Cambridge very quietly at the next quarter-day. My poor friend spent the rest of his days on the farm he had bought, and his mother lived with him; but his bride spent hers in a lunatic asylum, where she survived him many a year, for he died early, a man broken down and worn out before the time; and so must end my tale of Oliver Oakland.

#### THE ANNALS OF ETON.

If the boy is the father of the man, the history of a great School ought not to be without its moral. At all events, the author of *Etoniana*\* needs no apology for his interesting volume; whether its readers are Eton men or not, they cannot but find something to suit their taste in these Lilliputian annals. All Englishmen, perhaps, feel some sort of pride in Eton (no matter how grievous its shortcomings may appear to them in some respects), the seminary of the noblest born amongst us for so many generations, and which contains at this moment more than seven hundred porcelain youth within its reverend walls, besides its seventy Col-

\* Blackwood. Edinburgh.



legers of ordinary clay. For these last, however, as most people know, the place was founded (upon the model of Winchester) by King Henry VI., 'for the purpose of studying grammar.' The qualifications for scholars were, that they were to be in need of help, not less than eight, or more than ten years old, not of servile birth (*nativi*), nor illegitimate. They were to be chosen: 1st, from families who resided on the college estates; 2d, from Buckinghamshire or Cambridgeshire; 3d, from elsewhere within the realm. The master was to be a Master of Arts, if such might conveniently be had, with an annual salary of L.16, and L.4, 6s. 8d. for his commons; and the usher to have L.6, 13s. 4d. *per annum*, with L.3, 0s. 3d. for commons; and both were to have gowns furnished them, which they were on no account to sell or pledge.

I seem to see in my mind's eye the fastidious Hawtrey of my own time pawing his raiment, and the magnificent master of the Lower School (still alive, I am glad to say, and very prosperous), receiving that extra threepence with an unnatural humility! But I cannot imagine either of them stealing, in conjunction with two of their scholars, the college plate, as Nicholas Udall (1536), 'the best schoolmaster and the greatest beater of our day' seems to have been charged with. Although he had to leave Eton for this offence, however, he seems to have been considered good enough to rule over Westminster School, which surely establishes the inferiority of that establishment even in those early days. This gentleman, with all his foibles, was a clergyman, which at that date, and even later, seems to have been by no means essential to the dignity of a head-master of Eton. Reuben Sherwood, a retired physician of Bath, held this office in 1571; and a little while after, Thomas Ridley, who was subsequently knighted, and made a Master in Chancery.

The first personal mention of oppidan—as distinct from the collegers—is met with in the Paston Letters (1467), where William Paston writes home from Eton, not only for raisins and figs, as a boy might be expected to do, but the astounding intelligence that he has fallen in love, and that with the most serious intentions.

'Her name is Margaret Alborow. The age of her is, by all likelihood, eighteen or nineteen years at the furthest; and as for the money and plate, it is ready whensoever she were wedded; but as for the livelihood, I trow not till after the mother's decease; but I cannot tell you for very certain, but you may know by inquiring. And as for her beauty, judge you that when you see her, if so be that you take the labour, and specially behold her hands; for an if it be as it is told me, she is disposed to be thick.'

What thinkest thou of *that*, O Paterfamilias, who art apt to imagine that it is only in these days that boys are precocious? It is certain, however, that the young gentlemen did not cost their fathers so much money in those good old times. Instead of something like L.250 apiece, which they would require now as oppidans at Eton, the two sons of Sir William Cavendish seem to have paid for the sum-total of their joint expenses for one year L.25, 11s. 5d. If all items were in proportion to their 'quarterage' for 'ink, brooms, and birch,' namely, 6d., this cheapness is not to be wondered at. For the last-named article alone (whether they required it or not), they would have been charged in my time a guinea a year. Even so late as 1725,

the expenses of an oppidan were very moderate—less than L.50 a year. Four guineas, at that time, were paid to the head-master, twenty to the dominie (master of the house) for board and study, and two to the writing-master. Among the tradesmen's bills there appears 15s. to the barber, which perhaps included blood-letting. The term 'oppidanes,' applied to boys maintained at the cost of their friends, was used as early as Fuller's time. A letter of 1608 informs a friend that 'Phil Lytton' (a son of Sir Rowland Lytton of Knebworth) 'is in commons in hall,' which appears to have been a circuitous phrase for the same thing. At that time, the number of this class was about thirty; and many young noblemen seem to have been among them even then. Young Lord Willoughby and his page were in commons in the hall, according to the college books, for nearly five years; and there are also charges for 'Lord Dormer and his company.' In early times, Eton boys were very hard worked, which should be taken into consideration by those who complain of their present idleness. In 1560, they rose at five, said their Latin prayers antiphonally while dressing, then made their own beds, and swept their chambers. Their play-hours were lamentably small (although, as now, they had holidays upon church festivals); but on May 6 (St John *ante Port. Lat.*), 'they had the singular privilege of going to sleep in school after dinner for two or three hours.' The only real vacation, when they could go home to their friends, was from Ascension Day to the feast *Corpus Christi*—an interval of three weeks; and everybody who did not return in time for vespers on the evening before the last-mentioned festival, was flogged.

Eton was always famed for flogging, or, as it is now called, 'swishing': while Queen Elizabeth is at Windsor, 'news comes to Mr Secretary Cecil that divers scholars of Eton be run away from school for fear of beating;' and its reputation was such, that John Evelyn, author of the *Sylva*, besought his father not to send him thither. Severity of this sort is generally the resort of idle masters, and certainly does not augur well for the intellectual attainments of their pupils. Thus, of Malim's scholars, whose sceptre was a rod indeed, John Greenhall (elected to King's in 1576) seems to have been the only young gentleman of mark. He left his college, and took to the road, and was subsequently hanged, and dissected. This adventurous lad appears to have given the next head-master, Sir Henry Savile, a great horror of anything like a genius. 'Give me the plodding student,' said he; 'if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate—there be the wits.' The archives of Eton are not rich in the sensational element; for besides Mr Greenhall, no one has distinguished himself in the criminal way since March 1730, when was buried in the college chapel 'Edward Cochran, murdered by his school-fellow, Thomas Dalton, with a penknife.' Such is the entry in the parish register; but even this tragic incident the tombstone endeavours to mitigate, since it bears the words, 'accidentally stabbed.'

As has been mentioned, Eton College was founded for the purpose of studying grammar: but in 1560, Terence and Ovid were used even in the lower forms; and in the upper, Virgil, Horace, Lucan, Martial, Catullus, Florus, Cæsar, and the *Offices* and *Letters* of Cicero; but *no Greek* (O happy boys!) beyond the grammar, and that only in the two highest forms. Then, as now, and, indeed, as at all times, Latin verses were the great,

and almost the sole road to distinction at Eton. Queen Elizabeth seems to have been a very favourite subject of inspiration, and numberless elaborate and fulsome eulogies of her have been preserved in the manuscript of the scholars. Some of these are very curious, 'as exhibiting what sort of flattery was thought most likely to be agreeable to the Maiden Queen, and what the popular belief was as to her relations with Robert Dudley.' They are full of compliment to his personal beauty, which, the writers trust and believe, her Majesty will find irresistible. The hope of the nation, as one plain-spoken young gentleman expresses it, is *proles imago tui*; while others confine themselves to expressing their desire that she may escape the plague, or to praising her majesty's own scholarship. The toadyism, in short, is rampant, and would have charmed the author of the *Book of Snobs*; but the merit of the poems is small. In consequence of the preponderance given to this foolish knack of Latin verse-writing, however, Porson himself, who was, from deficiency in early training, inaccurate in his prosody, failed to win notice at Eton.

The plague, to which the Etonian poets referred in Elizabeth's time, returned again in 1662, and although it was never very fatal in the school, seems to have alarmed them greatly. 'Even children,' says old Thomas Hearne, speaking of the precautions against it, 'were obliged to smook. And I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman beadle, say, that when he was that year a school-boy at Eaton, all the boys of that school were obliged to smook in the school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smooking.' The reminiscences of later Etonians, adds our author sily, connect whippings with smoking in a different way.

Although Oliver Cromwell treated the school with favour, and even liberality, it suffered considerably during the Rebellion and the Commonwealth; then rose to greater prosperity than ever under Provost Allestree and head-master Rosewill. 'Never man deserved his elevation better than Dr Richard Allestree. He had fought for the First Charles in the students' troop at Oxford—had risked his life for the Second in conducting his correspondence with loyal friends abroad—had been proscribed and all but hanged more than once—was a hearty Church-of-England man, and a sound divine. Yet the story went (and it is very possibly true) that all these merits might have been forgotten by his royal and thoughtless master, but for the accident of his remarkable ugliness—patent, to this day, to any one who sees his picture. Rochester is said to have made a bet with the king that he would find an uglier man than Lauderdale, and forthwith to have introduced Allestree, whom he had stumbled upon in the street, and whom Charles then remembered, and promoted.' In Rosewill's time, the numbers of the school (including both oppidan and collegier) reached to two hundred and seven; at the beginning of the eighteenth century, they attained to nearly four hundred; and in the year of the Great South-Sea Bubble, were even floated up to four hundred and twenty-five; next year, however, they fell to three hundred and seventy-five, and continued at that level until Dr Barnard's time, who, when promoted to the provostship in 1756, left five hundred and twenty-two boys upon the Eton list. To this limit the numbers did not afterwards attain for fifty

years, and under the next head-master (Foster), even sank to two hundred and thirty; from which they gradually rose to the present high figures—eight hundred and twenty-five. Of course, while the school was thus increasing, assistant-masters were added, although never at all in sufficient proportion. So late as 1731, there appeared in connection with this matter, the following curious advertisement in the *London Evening Post*:

'Whereas Mr Franc. Goode, under-master of Eaton, does hereby signify that there will be at Christmas next, or soon after, two vacancies in his school—namely, as assistants to him and tutors to the young gentls: if any two gentlemen of either University (who have commenced the degree of B.A. at least) shall think themselves duly qualified, and are desirous of such an employment, let them inquire of John Potts, Pickleman, in Gracious Street, or at Mr G.'s own house in Eaton College, where they may purchase the same at a reasonable rate, and on conditions fully to their own satisfaction. F. GOODE.

'N.B.—It was very erroneously reported that the last place was disposed of under 40s.'

But this hint of the crude state of affairs at Eton is thrown into the shade by the account of the election of a provost of King's College, thirteen years later, communicated in a letter from Cambridge to a correspondent at Eton. There were three candidates for this enviable post: Dr George, supported by Sir Robert Walpole's influence; Chapman, one of the college tutors, backed by the Tory party; and Thackeray, then an assistant Eton master, and afterwards head-master of Harrow.

'The fellows went into chapel on Monday, before noon in the morning, as the statute directs. After prayers and sacrament, they began to vote: twenty-two for George, sixteen for Thackeray, ten for Chapman. Thus they continued scrutinising and walking about, eating and sleeping—some of them smoking. Still the same numbers for each candidate, till yesterday about noon (for they held that in the forty-eight hours allowed for the election no adjournment could be made), when the Tories, Chapman's friends, refusing absolutely to concur with either of the two other parties, Thackeray's votes went over to George by agreement, and he was declared.

'A friend of mine, a curious man, tells me he took a survey of his brothers at the hour of two in the morning, and that never was a more curious or a more diverting spectacle. Some wrapped in blankets erect in their stalls like mummies, others asleep on cushions like so many Gothic tombs; here a red cap over a wig, there a face lost in the cape of a rug; one blowing a chafing-dish with a surplice-sleeve, another warming a little negus or sipping "Coke upon Littleton"—that is, tent and brandy. Thus did they combat the cold of that frosty night, which has not killed any of them, to my infinite surprise.\*' In spite of these vulgarities, of such comparatively modern date, Eton has always been the peculiar seminary of the aristocracy; at that time, young peers, and sons of peers, and baronets, sat in stalls in the college chapel (of all places!), as they do now in Trinity College, Cambridge, visibly elevated above their fellows; 'nor was it an uncommon thing, early in the present century, for an Eton boy whose friends were connected with the Court, to hold a commission in the Guards, and draw regular pay. Nay, if he

\* Letter from Daniel Wray, *Nichols's Illustr.*, i. 95.

obtained an appointment as one of the royal pages, he was gazetted while yet a mere child. 'I had the honour this morning,' Dr Goodall is reported to have said on one occasion, 'of flogging a major in his majesty's service.'

Possessing for her pupils the boys of all the best families in England, with their success in life assured beforehand, it is small praise to Eton to assert that she has sent forth vastly more than her share of what History calls 'eminent personages.' Their eminence, whatever other credit she may take to herself, is scarcely owing to what she taught; nor, I am afraid it must be added, to what they taught themselves. Indeed, it is only upon perusing such a book as *Etoniana*, that one gets one's suspicions confirmed with respect to the very little practical advantage that flows from so magnificent a course of study as that pursued at Eton. While the desire of seeing their sons in good company animates British fathers, this great school will hold its own, and the prayer of its motto, *Floreat Etona*, will doubtless be answered (as we trust it will), even though we confess that, as an institution for developing the intellect, it does not appear to have been eminently successful. It is surprising, indeed, what comparatively little people are held up to us, in modern times, by the author of *Etoniana* as having been Eton men, and owing their success(?) to Eton training.\* It would be invidious to mention the names of living persons; but of those who have departed of later years, the most eminent Etonians, according to the present record, appear to have been Mackworth Praed and Sydney Walker. With the admirable poems of the former, most of us are more or less acquainted, although we should scarcely call him a very distinguished writer; but of the very name of the latter, how few have heard! Yet, notwithstanding this paucity of talent in the past generation, our author does not hesitate to advance evidence which contrasts the present with it very unfavourably. 'Formerly,' says a late Eton master in his evidence before the School Commission, 'any average boy of ordinary taste at Eton, on leaving school, had read much of the English poets, and a great deal of English history, as well as other literature. . . . The old English dramatists, a great deal of Dryden, a great deal of Pope, and an immense deal of other English poetry, were then read at Eton, besides most of the modern poems; but now I doubt whether you would find many boys out of the whole eight hundred who have read ten plays of Shakespeare.' Upon this the present writer has only to remark, that when he was himself at Eton, he came in the course of his classical reading across the phrase, *laudator temporis acti*; and that it seems to him to apply to the witness above quoted with considerable force. In my time, at least (Dr Hawtrey's), we were by no means so voluntarily studious as this gentleman suggests: I should like to have the names of (say) ten boys (for instance) who read 'a great deal of Dryden.'

We have unfortunately no room to quote our author's description of Montem (alas, alas, how that name brings the old school-days back!), with its graceful highway robberies and laughing victims—when the embroidered bag was held up

\* When we say this, we exclude statesmen, who in this country are for the most part (like poets) *born*, and do not make themselves.

alike to king and farmer for 'salt, salt,' and the little blue ticket with *mos pro lege* was given as a receipt by each agreeable young brigand. How gay was the old highway inn with rank and beauty! How bright the garden, not with flowers only, but with Turks and Albanians, Highlanders and Hidalgoes, and youthful captains in their scarlet bravery!

When William III. was 'stopped' as usual upon Montem day, on the Bath road, his Dutch guards were within a very little of cutting down the 'salt-bearers,' not understanding that they had special licence to take to the highway. Royalty never gave less than fifty guineas, and at the last celebration of this ancient festival, Prince Albert bestowed a hundred pounds. All the money thus collected was given, after deducting expenses, to the 'captain' (a collier and a poor man of course), in order to support him at Cambridge. It amounted in 1841, the last year but one of *Montem*, to no less a sum than £1250. It is of course only in later times that anecdotes of the school are preserved to any extent, and the last part of *Etoniana* is therefore by far the most amusing; this is especially the case where it refers to Dr Keate and his régime, which began in 1809, and lasted for a quarter of a century. Who does not remember the portrait of him in *Eothen*?

'He was little more, if more at all, than five feet in height, and was not very great in girth; but within this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions. He had a really noble voice, and this he could modulate with great skill; but he had also the power of quacking like an angry duck, and he almost always adopted this mode of communication in order to inspire respect. He was a capital scholar, but his "ingenuous learning" had not "softened his manners," and had "permitted them to be fierce"—tremendously fierce. He had such a complete command over his temper—I mean over his good temper—that he scarcely ever allowed it to appear; you could not put him out of humour—that is, out of the ill-humour which he thought to be fitting for a head-master. His red shaggy eyebrows were so prominent, that he habitually used them as arms and hands, for the purpose of pointing out any object towards which he wished to direct attention; the rest of his features were equally striking in their way, and were all and all his own. He wore a fancy dress, partly resembling the costume of Napoleon,\* and partly that of a widow woman.' The doctor's fine figure and dress were all provocative of caricature. 'Any one without the least notion of drawing could make a speaking, nay, a scolding likeness of Keate.' An Italian modeller once made a clever statuette of him, which had a considerable sale among the boys. 'A good many copies of it also found their way into the shop of a compatriot in the same trade at Oxford, where a friend of the doctor's one day saw them. He had not been aware that Keate was so popular a chimney-ornament. "Do you sell many of these?" he asked. "O yes, sare; Eton gentlemen buy him many times—they have much pleasure to break his head."

This is not to be wondered at, for the fact is, that notwithstanding many good qualities, Keate was a ruffian. He had quite a mania for using the birch. 'On one occasion, when a confirmation was to be held for the school, each master was requested to make

\* The resemblance to Napoleon was owing to the fact that all the Eton masters at that time wore cocked-hats.



out and send in a list of the candidates in his own form. One of them wrote down the names on the first piece of paper which came to hand, which happened unluckily to be one of the slips of well-known size and shape used as flogging bills, and sent up regularly with the names of delinquents for execution. The list was put into Keate's hands without explanation: he sent for the boys in the regular course, and in spite of all protestations on their part, pointing to the master's signature to the fatal "bill," flogged them all (so the story goes) there and then. Another day, a culprit who was due for punishment could nowhere be found, and the doctor was kept waiting on the scene of action for some time in a state of considerable exasperation. In an evil moment for himself, a namesake of the defaulter passed the door; he was seized at once by Keate's order, and brought to the block as a vicarious sacrifice—a second Sir Mungo Malagrowth. Such legends may not always bear the strictest investigation; but they have at least the kind of truth which some Romanist writers claim for certain apocryphal *Acta Sanctorum*—they shew "what sort of deeds were done." The most terrible of Keate's deeds, however, was the thrashing of the whole fifth form, one after the other, for absenting themselves from afternoon roll-call.\*

An organised resistance was to be looked for upon the morrow; so the doctor, 'who had not taught Latin so long without being aware of what *Divide et impera* meant,' resolved to take his victims in detail that very night. In *Etoniana* there is a charming account of this *coup d'état* by an—no, not an eye-witness, for, from the nature of the punishment, he could not be that, but from one of the sufferers. The doctor polished them all off during the small-hours. Surely never was such a school hecatomb! No wonder so historical a flogging-block was too great a temptation for his Lordship of Waterford, who, as everybody knows, carried it bodily away one night in defiance of the watchman, and sent it to his fastness of Curraghmore, where it now remains. Only one lad was ever known to escape from the birch of Dr Keate; once doomed, even a respite never occurred in any other case. The circumstances were peculiar. 'A boy who grew up afterwards to be one of Eton's most cherished names—the more so because cut off in early manhood—had got into trouble, and was looking forward to his first flogging with some nervousness. Some mischievous schoolfellows recommended a preparation of *gall-nuts* as an infallible recipe for making the surface to which it was applied insensible to pain. The result will be readily understood by those who know the composition of ink—and is certainly one of those cases better imagined than described. It was impossible to put in an appearance before the doctor in that state; a strictly private consultation with his tutor (the Eton boy's usual resource in difficulties) ended in that gentleman's waiting upon Keate, and explaining the impossibility of the impending operation being performed without great risk to the gravity of both head-master and attendant collegers; and a "*pena*" of some hundred lines was accepted in commutation.' This, remember, is not merely a fiction founded on stern reality, but an absolute fact, as likewise is the following anecdote, for which the present writer can vouch, as it occurred in his own time. Under Dr Edward Craven

Hawtrej (although by no means under his direct patronage), the school possessed a pack of beagles; sometimes we hunted the hare, and sometimes we ourselves were hunted by masters, who took the field on horseback, whereas we were mostly on foot; but in spite of persecution, the sport was still patronised. Nay, 'at one time the members of the Hunt, in emulation of older sportsmen, determined on adopting a distinctive button, and had a die struck with the letters E. C. H.—Eton College Hunt. Dr Hawtrej soon noticed these new insignia in school, but could not quite make out the legend. Meeting a boy one day in the school-yard, he literally took him by the button, and asked what the letters were; but when his pupil, with some slight natural embarrassment, read out the mystic characters—the doctor's own initials—further question or comment seemed unnecessary, and it was the master's turn to look embarrassed at what he took for a delicate compliment from his pupils.'

We have not the least idea as to who the author of *Etoniana* may be (except that it is not likely to be a lady); but so admirably has he done his work, and so neatly does he tell his stories, that we only wish he would take up the social history of whichever university had the honour of his subsequent education, and narrate it as pleasantly as he has done that of Eton College.

#### SUMMER IN SPRING.

A STILL descent of summer gloom,

That greener makes the shadowed earth!

How ghostly shews the orchard's bloom,

And heavily the breathed perfume

Broods on the flower that gives it birth.

Yet all the air is shrill with notes

Of busy wings, that flit and call

Beneath the moisture dark that floats

In silent folds and misty motes;

They care not though the menace fall.

Why should they check their happy tongue

To fear what summer rain-drops bring,

With every tree's green banner flung,

And all the world's loud welcome sung

To the sweet eyes of long-lost Spring.

*The Tale of MIRE ARREY (by the author of 'LOST SIR MASSINGBERD,' 'THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE,' &c.), being now completed, will be followed on 7th July by an Original Serial Story, by THOMAS SPEIGHT, entitled*

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\* Called at Eton *Absence*.